961 about them. Nowadays the hill areas are uninhabited. There are vegetable gardens, cocoanut
[241] groves, palm wine groves and distilling huts in
[274] the hills. They are owned by the kampong folk. They go there to get the fruit, etc. During certain seasons they may stay in temporary huts in the uplands for several days.

161 The population of Ambon Island is quoted to me in several ways, ranging from fifty to seventy thousand. During the war there were forty-six thousand (plus perhaps eighteen thousand Japanese coolies) Japanese quartered here! To the south, Leitimor peninsula is much smaller. Most of the
771 Leitimor kampongs are Christian. In fact, the
491 only Mohammedan kampong is Batumerah, practically
● 133 a suburb of Ambon. Then, going north, there is a road to the very narrow isthmus of Paso. From there a road goes west into Hitu along the shore to Laha airfield, and then it branches over the hills and runs to Hitu town on the north coast. A road from there goes to East Hitu running over the hills to Tulehu and then to Waai, and on to the old airfield Liang in the northeast corner. South from Ambon a road runs to the southwest tip of Leitimor. The roads are full of holes and are not kept in good repair. However, there is more of the original asphalt left than in Celebes. Roads are narrow, yet there are plenty of
[489] buses. Much of the land is low-lying, steamy jungle. Hitu is mainly Mohammedan, but there are Christian kampongs, especially along the south coast. And Waai is Christian. On Ambon in general the kampongs are almost all exclusively Christian or exclusively Mohammedan, although there are two which are mixed. A good many streams run into the sea.

144 There is much racial mixture; the main impression one gets is that the basic element is Papuan and Negroid. Many are very dark and

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501 with Gaspersz's son Piet and went to Latuhalat, where I left the jeep with the Radja. Three men from Naku came and we went to the beach and got into an outrigger of rather large size. One of the men was related to my assistant in Naku, Joseph de Fretes, and the resemblance was striking. Later I saw that the Rani of Naku, the sister of Gaspersz, is a precise female copy of him. I think gene variability is much overrated, as there is so much similarity in families. Here it is especially striking as there is so much close intermarriage. The three men sat two in front and one in the rear, and they used the usual crosspiece paddles, one of them an inverted teardrop shape, the other shovel shape. The outrigger attachments all along here are O. They paddled steadily, with almost no rest, for two hours. How they can do such hard labor without effort is remarkable. We had the current with us and glided over a sea of glass, so we got there rapidly.

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778 We passed small beaches on the way and finally went into a small bay with a sandy beach, Labuan Naku. It is truly picturesque here, with the green mountains behind and the beaches with cocoanut palms. Also there are great lime rocks with tunnels and undersea coral gardens. The water is most transparent. Many outriggers here are used for fishing. As we passed a certain rock half way into the bay, they stopped rowing for
[769] a minute and said that they must always do this here because the rock is the petrified ancestral prau of the first Naku people. Above was a tree and they said that this was the mast. Neither had any resemblance to either. On the beach there were many praus (all are relatively new, because the Japanese took all of the old ones, as they did with everything else).

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133 Then we started to climb. It was a terrific
361 task for about one and one-half kilometers.
481 Much of this was steep with rock or clay and wood steps, but these steps were very high and irregular. I scrambled up, out of wind and soaked with sweat. The lads and Gaspersz made it quite easily. We met men and women with heavy loads moving up and down like flies very fast and without any apparent effort. There are great chasms on either side and the path is very narrow. The heat was terrific as there was no wind. In two very long steep places it was hard going, but it seemed to be nothing at all for the lads. Finally, with a last burst of hard climbing, we got to the negri on top of the
[078] flat hill. Now I see why the negri lama I saw from the sea are flat topped hills. Naku is itself a negri lama, as the folk have never moved down. Just below the negri we passed a cemetery, along the steep path. One of the three springs near here is located down below, and the women easily climb up and down from this spring all the time. This spring was brought by one of the ancestors from Waai and planted here.
574 Over it is a sign saying no bathing. Along the
273 main street, with many levels and steps, we
622 passed to the house of the Rani, where we had
262 cake and very good local gin, which was double distilled and tasted like rum. There was fruit chopped in it. The Rani is seventy and unmarried. She can't marry and be a Rani. Evidently Gaspersz was radja until about thirty years ago when he went to Ambon to enter the civil service. She speaks only Malay, is very dignified, and is probably a good administrator. Many of the kampong folk call her mama. However, she is stern and she has one of the very few good
262 cooks in Ambon. It was amazing to have chicken